

NO.
44

PEP



the SHIELD

DEC.

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE

10¢



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 22

THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR!

This is probably no news to any of you G-Man members. From the way the letters have been pouring into the radio station, it would seem that everybody and their relatives are enthusiastic Black Hood fans. Dinky and I have been listening to every program since our pal, the Hood, first hit the air-waves—and take it from us, gang—he's terrific!

We could rave on and on, but the easiest way to convince yourselves is to tune in on him. The Hood's on every night, Monday to Friday, on the Mutual Broadcasting System. You'll find he's the same inviolated human we've known and loved in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS for so many years.

Our main thing before Dinky and I say so-long, How's about you G-Man members dropping a line to Station WHH, N. Y. C., N. Y.? Tell 'em how much you like the Black Hood. He'd sure appreciate it. And so would Dinky and I. We'd sure be sure to know all the pals the Hood made in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS are rooting for him.

And besides, it's part of our G-Man club code to stick with our pals, isn't it?

Sincerely,
Joe Higgins
(the Shield)

Here are the latest honorary members to be enrolled in the G-Man Club.

HORACE THOMPSON
527 So 12th Street
Paducah, Ky.

BURTON ATERS
P. O. Box 100
Fl. Station, Texas

MARILYN MULLER
602 W. Schuyler Avenue
West Allen St. Wis.

KENNETH JAMES
401 W. Valley
Valley Park, Mo.

NANCY BANGLE
1011 43
California, Texas

MARILYN TONG
E. 1 Levee Lane
Jeffersonville, Ky.

PETE POWELL
17 Second Avenue
Anderson, S. C.

VASCO RINGS
100 Magnolia Street
Newark 3, N. J.

RICHARD GARCIA
119 E. Main Street
Aurora, Ill.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
40 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

CUT ON THIS LINE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
BOY DETECTIVE

in the

GHOST GOES EAST



NICE WORK!
THE SHIELD AND
DUSTY HAD NOTHING TO
GOING THEY WENT TO
VISIT A HAUNTED HOUSE!
AND MET A VERY FRIENDLY
GHOST! A MOST UNUSUAL
GHOST... WHO DIDN'T CARE
MUCH FOR HAUNTING... BUT
WHO LOVED TO RENT FID-
TLETT! SOUNDS DEADY
DOESN'T IT? BUT THEN
THIS IS A VERY DEADY
ADVENTURE! JUST
KEEP READING!
YOU'LL SEE WHAT
WE MEAN!

HOW! WO'TTA NIGHT! NO USE GOING ANY FURTHER IN THE WEATHER, DUSTY!



YEAH, JOE THE GUY COULD HAVE PICKED ON BETTER WEATHER TO DRAG US TO WASHINGTON!

SAY, MISTER! IF THERE A HOTEL AROUND HERE, ABOUTS WE COULD PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT?



NOTE, THERE'S ONLY ONE HOUSE FOR MILES AROUND!



IT'S UP ON THAT HILL! BUT YOU COULDN'T GET ME THERE FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! NO DOLLARS! IT'S HAUNTED!



HELL, WE WON'T AND PUTTING UP THERE - IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH THE GHOST!



OUR GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!



TO HAVE IMAGINE ANYBODY BELIEVING IN GHOSTS IN THIS DAY AND AGE!



YEAH! BUT IF THERE ARE ANY GHOSTS AROUND THEY SURE HAVE A SWELL NIGHT TO DO BUSINESS!



THERE'S THE PLACE NOW JOE! WHEN IT DOES LOOK BROOKLYN AT THAT!



HOLY COW! HEAD LIGHTS! COMING RIGHT AT ME!



JOE! SPIN YOUR WHEEL QUICK!



WITH A SHARP SCREECH OF
BRAKES AND BENDING TIRES
THE CAR SWERVED INTO A DITCH
AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...



WAS THE
MANAC
DRIVING
THAT
OTHER
CAR?

WHAT THE HELL?
THERE'S NO
OTHER CAR OUT
HERE! LOOK OUT
THESE GUSTS!



AND IF WE'D SWERVED THE
OTHER WAY THERE'S WHERE
WE WOULD
HAVE
LANDED!

THOSE WERE OUR
OWN HEADLIGHTS
WE SAW REFLECTED
IN THAT MIRROR!



OF COURSE
SOMEONE IS
UNWILING TO KEEP
VISITORS AWAY
FROM THAT HOUSE!

AND THE SHIELD
AND DUSTY
ARE GOING
END OUT
WHO THAT
SOMEONE
IS SHE!

RIGHT!
STEVE
FOR ACTION!

SHOOT
OR NO
SHOOT...
HERE
WE
COME!





WELL! ... THIS
JOINT LOOKS
LIKE IT WAS
BUILT IN THE
REVOLUTION-
ARY WAR!



OH, OH! A
LIGHT! LET'S
INVESTIGATE!



WELL,
I'LL
BE--

WHO THE
HECK IS
THAT
CHARACTER?

COME IN
SENTINEL,
COME IN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE
MY LATEST PAINT?
NOT A MASTER
PIECE, ISN'T
IT?



WHO ARE YOU, WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF PAINT
ING YOURSELF
BEING HANGED?

ONE QUESTION
AT A TIME PLEASE!
FIRST I AM THE
GHOST OF THE
HOUSE OF ADVERSITY!

YOU--
YOU'RE
THE
WHAT?



THE GHOST! AS FOR THE
PAINTING, I AMING PAINT
MYSELF EXACTLY THAT
WAY I BEEN DOING IT NOW
FOR
170 YEARS!



YOU SEE, I WAS HANGING IN THIS VERY HOUSE AT THIS TIME—AND SINCE I LOVED TO DRESS WITH A SLUSH WHEN I WAS ALIVE, I DECIDED TO TAKE IT UP AGAIN INSTEAD OF THE USUAL HAUNTING BUSINESS!



I USE MYSELF AS A MODEL! YOU SEE MY BODY IS STILL HANGING IN THE ATTIC!

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT!



WHY DON'T YOU GO UP STAIRS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

YOU'VE EARNED EIGHT I WILL!

G-GOOD NIGHT!



IT—IT IS HIM! BUT HOW... WHO... WHO... MAY BE I'M GOING NUTS!



WAIT A MINUTE! IF THE GUY'S BEEN HANGING FOR 120 YEARS HOW IS HIS BODY SO WELL PRESERVED?



SO YOU DID 120 YEARS AGO! HOW NICE!

NO! WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT HANGING? IT'S VERY UNPLEASANT I ASSURE YOU!

THAT MOMENT
THE SHIELD COMES
DOWNSTAIRS.

WHAT IS DUTTY AND
THE SHOOT PUNTER
ARE GONE—
DUTTY! OH
DUTTY!

FUNNY... IF THE
KID RANSE
AROUND HE
WOULD HAVE
AHEAD! I
WONDER!

BUT
THE
SHIELD'S
THOUGHTS
ARE OUT
SHORT BY A
NOISE
WHICH
SUGGESTS
DANGER!
AND—

UGH—

...BUT SUDDENLY, THE
SHIELD WHIPS HIS POWER-
FUL FISTS UPWARD LIKE A
HUGE COILED SPRING, AND A
LASHING FOOT CONNECTS
WITH A VERY SOLID
OH! DEBARTH THOSE
SHORTLY EYES!

WHILE FROM THE DARK-
NESS ABOVE A PAIR OF WILD
VOLUNT EYES SALES FREELY
UPON THE STRUGGLING
SHIELD BELOW—

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY
GAMES...AND BROTHIE!
DO I PLAY ROUGH?



THE HECK
YOU WILL
BUCKET!



LENTLY A PANEL SLID
DOWN IN THE HALL
BEHIND THE SHIELD...



WHERE THE
BOY? TALK FAST
OR I'LL FASHION
A NECKLACE
WITH YOUR
TIBBIE!

THE SHIELD
TUMBLING
HEAD OVER
HEELS DOWN
A SHAPING...



SHIELD!

THE 80-POUND
CHAMBER! THE
DANGER!
ALLER SO
THIS IS
WHERE YOU
AND YOUR
HOB HAVE
BEEN HELD
FROM THE POLICE!



WELL, YOUR
HOB'S DAYS
ARE OVER!





EASY NOW, SHIELD,
OR YOUR HIO
PAL GETS IT!

YOU DON'T
THINK YOU'RE GO-
ING TO GET AWAY
WITH THIS, MUCH
LONGER, DO
YOU SNARKY?



LONG ENOUGH FOR THE
HEAT ON ME TO COOL--
THEN BLOW TOWN! THE
CORE AIN'T GONNA GET
ME FOR THAT SAUNDERS
BULLNY!

PESTTY
OLIVER FOR
BY PEOPLE
OFF WITH
SHORTS!



YOU EVEN
HAD ME
FOOLED
WITH THAT
GHOST
ARTIST
GAG?

WHAT GHOST ART-
IST? I NEVER GALL
ED DAT! YOU GOT
SOMETHING UP
YEE SLEEVE
SHIELD!



SNARKY?
LOOK! HOW'D
DAT GUY GET IN
HERE!



OH! SO DAT'S DE GHOST
ARTIST? NICE GAG,
SHIELD! BUT IT AIN'T
GONNA WORK!



O-- DAT
BULLETS WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
"MI."



IT'S A
GHOST?...
YES! OOH!
LEMMIE
OUTTA
HERE!

WHEN HE PLANTED WASTE ONE OF THE GANGSTERS W-OOOP OVER A KICKING LAIR--



...AND SOON, THE EDDIE IS A BERTHING INFEND--



EASY, DUSTY! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!



SNARKY HAD QUITE A STUNT ON US BUT MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM!



TOO LATE!

LOOK, BOSS! LIGHTS--A CAR COMIN' FORWARD US!

IT'S ONLY DE HIDEDE I PLANTED ON DE ROAD CRASH IT!



GURP! IT AINT A HERRIC AT ALL! IT IS A CAR!

WHAT?

EXPLODENTLY, THE DRIVE TARTS HIS WHEEL FODGETFUL OF THE PHISSE RESERVE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD! AND--



HOW! FRONT OVER THE CLIFF! THEY DONT GET AWAY AFTER ALL!



THAT FINISHED THEM! LUCKY I LEFT MY CAR IN THE ROAD-- WITH MY HEAD. LIGHTS ON!



DUSTY! WHEN WE MAKE OUT OUR REPORT TO THE F.B.I., I DONT THINK WED BETTER MENTION THE SHOOT! IT WOULDNT MAKE GOOD READING ON AN OFFICIAL FILE SHEET! AND BE-CAUSE, EVEN THOUGH WE SAW IT WITH OUR OWN EYES, I FOR ONE, STILL HAVE DONT BELIEVE IT!



The HANGMAN

In
THE
and
SNAIL!



OPENING SCENE... A TRAMPING CIRCUS... AT THE MOMENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOW-TEAGER IS DELIGHTING THE AUDIENCE WITH HER CLOWN'S DANCING...



THE ACT IS OVER... AND BELLA TAKES HER BOY... IMPATIENT FOR THE AUDIENCE'S DEPARTURE....



THEN SHE KISSES HERSELF TO THE TEST OF SAMSON THE STRONG MAN!



DON'T WORRY SAMSON! IS ABOUT THAT PEEKS TWISTO! HUSBAND OF YOURS, AROUND? BELLA

IF HE STARTS ANY TROUBLE FOR US, I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!



BELLA!

YOU DOUBLE CROSSING LITTLE WITCH! SO THIS IS THE MAN YOU'RE BEING MAKING LOVE TO, BEHIND MY BACK!



TWISTO! WAIT!

YOU RAT! SHUT! UP AS YOU DESERVE!!



TWISTO! AH! DON'T KILL HIM! PLEASE, TWISTO!



TAKE THAT YOU FOOL!!



UP NEXT—
HIS GOT
THE STRENGTH
OF A MAD
HAN!

AND YOU, YOU'RE
AS TEND AS A
HOUSE, YOU—
YOU EDWARD!
STONG MAN,
SAH!!



BOY!
THAT GUY
IS MAKIN'
A SUCKER OUTA
SAMSON! BUT IF
I DON'T DO LIKE
HE SAYS, HE'LL BREAK
MY BONES! HERE, THISTO
TAKE A GLUS O' THIS!



BUT, BUT IT
WASNT MY
FAULT, BELLA!
HE TOOK ME
COMPLETELY
BY SURPRISE!

WHAH!!
WELL, I ASKED
YOU TO LEAVE
THE CIRCLE
BECAUSE WHEN
THISTO COMES
TO, HE MAY
TAKE YOU BY
SURPRISE
AGAIN!

HEY,
THISTO!
BUZZY!
YOU'VE
ACT'S
ON, NOW!

OHAY
BOSS!

I'LL
TAKE
CARE
OF
SAMSON
LATER!



MAYBE HE WILL, AND
MAYBE HE WON'T! HEY!
JOCKO! CHERE, GUNNY!
WE GOT A LITTLE
JOB TO DO!!

WHAT
ACT IS
THIS BOSS?

THISTO, THE!
HE'S A CONTOURNER,
AND HE'S GOOD!
I'VE SEEN HIM
BEFORE!!



NOW, LADIES, AN'
GENTLEMEN, WE BRING
YOU THISTO THE
MAVER OF THE AGE!
THISTO, THE MAN
WITH THE RUBBER
BONES! HIS FEATS OF
CONTOURNER WILL
AMAZE YOU!
CONFOUND
YOU!



FIRST, AN
IMITATION
OF A BRAIL!



THERE IT IS, LADIES, AN' JENKULMEN! A PERFECT ENEMY! THE CLIMAX OF TWISTO'S PHENOMENAL TALENTS! AND ALL DONE WITH THE HUMAN BODY!!



BUT CURRENTLY THE CARNIVAL IS JUST OPEN, AND THE CONTORTION FIGURES OF TWISTO TUMBLE OUT... STILL GROTESQUELY TWISTED INTO THE SHAPE OF A SNAKE!!



QUICK, THEM! GET A DOCTOR! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL ADMINISTER FIRST AID!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, BOB!



SOME TIME LATER...

HE WAS PROCEEDED THANKS TO YOUR FIRST AID! HE'LL LIVE! BUT HE SEEMS AS THOUGH HIS BONES WILL REMAIN PETERED IN THAT WEIRD SHAPE!!



...AND SO IT IS, SOME NIGHTS LATER AN ONLY TWISTED FIGURE TWISTED TO ASSUME A SNAKE, SLOWLY SHURLES UP TO ONE OF THE CIRCUS TENTS... MALICIOUS SLACK EYES PEER INTO THE INTERIOR...



...AND AS THOUGH SATISFIED AT WHAT HE HAS SEEN THE ENIGMATIC ANDY CHUCKLES SILENTLY...

THEY BE BOTH STILL WITH THE CIRCUS! GOOD! VERY GOOD! HEE, HEE, HEE!



NOW, I'LL MAKE ALL THE PREPARATIONS IN MY HOUSEHOLD TO RECEIVE GUESTS! HEE, HEE, HEE!



NEXT NIGHT, AS SAMEDAY LEAVES THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...



HEE, HEE! ONE
MORE TRIP... AND
MY NIGHT'S WORK
WILL BE DONE!

MEANWHILE IN THE ADJUTE
PAPER OFFICE WHERE
THE LADY GARDON IS
EMPLOYED...

SO SORRY, BOB! I WON'T
BE ABLE TO GO TO
THE CIRCUS WITH
YOU! SUGH TOO
BUT!

OHAY, TRIST! I'LL GO
MYSELF! I THINK I'VE
GOT A CLUE AS TO
WHO POISONED
TRISTO!

AT THE
CIRCUS...

AAAAH... HEE ACT'S OVER! I'LL
WAIT FOR HER TO GO TO
HER TENT BEFORE I
QUESTION HER!

WELL, THERE'S HER TENT,
AND... GREAT SCOTT,
WHAT'S THAT!

IN A FLASH BOB DEERING DIS-
COVERED TO STAND FORTH AS THE
MARSHAL AND RUSTLING INTO
THE TENT, HE SEES...

LOOK AT ME MY DEAR! A
PRETTY SIGHT YOU MADE
ME, EH? BUT NOW
YOU'RE GOING
TO PAY FOR IT
WITH YOUR LIFE!

NO, TRISTO!
I DIDN'T
DO IT! I
SWEAR!

KEEP AWAY
TRISTO! THERE'S
A GALLOW FOR
PEOPLE WHO TAKE
THE LAW IN THEIR
OWN HANDS!

THIS SHALL BE MY LAST!
SUSPECTED EAST HANDMAN!!
HEE, HEE! NEITHER YOU NOR
THE GALLOWES SHALL STOP
ME OR MY VENGEANCE!



BEHIND THE HANGMAN CORSE
TO...



Ooo...
WHAT A
GOUT!

THE SHAL GOT AWAY!
AND TOOK HER ALONG!
ONLY ONE WAY TO
FOLLOW THEM!!



MY CANNES FEELING THOR!
I'VE USED HIM EFFORTS
TO PICK UP A TEAL FOR
ME! AN THEN HE IS
NOW!



THIS CONTACT THOR!
SWELL IT! THAT'S A
GOOD DOG!

HANDMAN!
WHAT'S
UP!!



SORRY JOE! NO
TIME TO EXPLAIN
NOW! I'LL SEND
YOUR SUBOD
YOUR BACK
WHEN I'VE
THROUGH
WITH YOU!

THAT'S OKAY HANDMAN!
GOOD LUCK!



HES NOT ON THE
SCENT/NICE
GOING THOR!





AS FOR YOU HANGMAN, I HAVE A PARTICULARLY CHOICE DEATH! NICE AND SLOW! I WRAP YOU SECURELY IN THE WATER!
HOSE! THERE! AND WHEN I TURN THE WATER-FAUCET ON...



...THE HOSE WILL SQUEAL AND GRADUALLY SQUEEZE YOU TO DEATH! PLEASANT, ISN'T IT? YOU AND MY LOVELY WIFE SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING EACH OTHER DIE!



THE INSANE FEND! THAT WILD HORSE WILL DRAG HER AROUND TO HER DEATH!



...LOSER! AND THE HORSE IS (EAT) GETTING TIGHTER...LOSER! TIGHTER... ONE CHANCE OF GETTING... LOOSE... HAVE TO TAKE IT...



HORSE... CLOSE ENOUGH... (GASP!)... HERE... GOES!



BEARING WITH FURY AND FLUT, THE HORSE'S SHARP HORNS PEEL AT ITS PREY'S TORNADOES... AND IF THE WATER... STOLEN HORSE...



ABRUPTLY THE HANGMAN ROLLS OUT OF HANGING WAY REENGAGES HIMSELF FROM THE DEFLATED WATER HORSE AND...



NOW TO GET THAT GIRL AWAY FROM THE HORSE!

THREE! SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP!





IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE
SAMSON! HE'S DEAD! BUT
I'M GOING TO GET THAT
WADDAH BEFORE HE
CAN DO ANY FURTHER
HARM!



THERE HE IS! STAND BACK
BELLA!

HANDMAN! CURE
YOU! I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU ESCAPED!



...BUT IT'S ONLY
TEMPORARY! I
ASSURE YOU!

WHAT'S
HE UP
TO NOW!



WHEN I PUSH THE LEVER,
THE HOUSE AND EVERYONE
IN IT WILL BE BLASTED
TO BITS!

NO... DON'T, YOU
FOOL!!



HE'S DONE IT... WHAT TH... ONLY
ONE BEAM SHATTERED! QUICK,
BELLA, WE'RE STILL GOT A
CHANCE! THE WINDOW!



JUST AS I THOUGHT, SOMETHING
WENT WRONG WITH THE FUSE...
AND IT BECAME A DELAYED-
ACTION EXPLOSION! FOOL
DEMENTED DEVIL! HE'S
STILL IN THERE! IT'S
BETTER THAT WAY!



...AS THE TWINMAN AND BELLA SEARCH
THROUGH THE W-LEAKAGE...

GAM... THAT SHADOW
ON THE WALL,
HANDMAN, HOW
GLOOMY!

THE SHADOW OF A
SNAKE... AN EVIL
SNAKE, WHICH HAS MET
THE FATE IT
DESERVED!

Lil' Chief Buggaboo



ON! ON! HOO, THE
HOCKTAMUCKY BUGGABOO
SHOULD TO LOOK LEE A
ODD IF IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

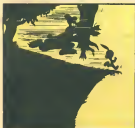
WAA PAIN IN NECK! WAA
BAT E! NOTHING DO
NOTHING! YOU BETTER RUN,
OUT OF HERE! IF WAA NOT
GONE, YOU'LL GO TOO!

THEY CAN'T DO THAT
TO US, BOO! TONIGHT
WE'LL RUN AWAY FROM
HOMEL. WE'LL SHOW
THEM!!











Catfish Joe

YESSIR, SON YORE
A-STANDIN' RIGHT
ON TOP O' OL COLONEL
SUNSHOOT'S HAIR!

By
LARRY HARRIS

YOU REMEMBER JOE ACCIDENTALLY
GOT HOOKED ONTO AN AIRPLANE
WHICH SNATCHED HIM RIGHT
OUT OF HIS BOATSCAT ON THE
MISSISSIPPI AND DROPPED
HIM RIGHT IN THE MIST OF
THE GREAT MURKY MOUNTAINS

AN' I'M POWERFUL GLAD YER
WELLIN' T' CHOP THAT PINE
TREE OFFN HIS NOSE!

TWITTERHEAD!

TH' OL COLONEL'S GRAN'SON HIRED
ME T' TAKE CARE O' HIS CARVIN OF HIS
GRANNYBUT TWIXT MY ROOMATIZZUM
AN MY POSSUM HUNTIN' I RECKON I
BEEEN A WIFE NEGLECTFUL!

YEAH! FER FOUR OR FIVE
YEARS BY TH' LOOKS O'
THAT TREE!

TH' GRANSON ONLY COMES
OUT FROM TH' CITY BOUT EVERY
FOUR ER FIVE YARS - HE SAYS
HE FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.
AN' LETS ME AN' MY FAMILY
LIVE IN TH' OL' BUNGERSORT
MANSION THATS BACK IN
TH' WOODS A SHORT PRCE!

BUT HE'S A-DOOMIN' TOMORROWER
AN' IF HE SEES THAT TREE ON
HIS GRANPAPPY'S NOSE ILL
SHORE TUFT LOSE MY JOB!

CAW-HAW!

HUSH, OL' CROW
THIS IS BAD!

C AGH - WE'LL GO TO
TH' HOUSE AN' GIT TH'
RODES AN' THINGS
YOLL BE A-NEEDIN'!



THAT SHE IS!
MY FAMIL'YLL
BE MIGHTY
PLOUD T'MEET
YO!

OOSH I HAIN'T
DRESSED FITTEN
T'MEET FOLKS!



OH, THEY HAIN'T
PERTIC'LAR!

HEY!



THEY'S MY
FAMILY - TH'
BEST PACK O'
WARMINT
HOUNDS IN TH'
COUNTY - THEY'S
MIGHTY
AFROSHMUTT!

OOSH!
GIT EM OPEN
ME!



THIS OL' MANSION HOUSE
HAIN'T WHAT SHE USED
T'BE BUT I BEEN KEERN
THIS PART FIXED UP NICE
AN' BRUG!

YEAH!
I SEE!

WITH THESE THINGS I'LL
BE A EASY JOE FOR YO
T' BIT THAT TREE ONTH
GRANNAPPY'S NOSE!



YO KIN KONDA TIE
YERSELF ONTHA THAT
BOARD WHILST I
MAKE TH' RULLEYS
FAST T' THIS TREE!



NOW JES' SET BACK
ONTH BOARD AN' SLIDE
RIGHT OVER TH' EDGE!

GOSH! THAT'S A
LONG WAY DOWN!
YA SHORE YO KIN
HOLD THAT ROPE?



NOW DON'T BE
SCAIRT! TH' YOUNG
FELLER THAT USED
TO HELP ME NEVER
WAS A BIT SCAIRT!

WHY HAIN'T
HE A-HELPIN'
YO NOW?



HE'S GAID!

GULP!



HOLLER WHEN
YO GETS WITHIN
CHOPPIN' DISTANCE
O' THAT TREE!



OKAY, MISTER,
I KIN REACH
HER, FROM
HERE!



FINE!
TIE TH' ROPE SO YOLL
STAY RIGHT
THAT!

WELL, TH' QUICKER,
I GIT THIS DONE TH'
SOONER, I'LL GIT BACK
ON SOLID GROUND!



OH, OH! FRESH POSSUM
TRACKS! RECKON I GOT
TIME T' HUNT
THAT FELLER
WHILE TH'
YOUNG-UNS
A-CHOPPIN'!



JOE'S CHOPPING ANGERS A
PAIR OF EAGLES NESTING
BEHIND GRANPAPPY'S
RIGHT EAR — —



HEY! GIT AWAY!
SIC 'IM, OL' CROW!



SKEDADDLED! I HOPE HE
GITS IN TH' TREES FORE THEY
KETCH HIM! WHY DON'T TH'
OL' MAN SCARE THEM CRITTERS
WITH HIS GUN N!



HERE'S WHY —

HOLED UP DUNNOHNT!
AN' JES' WHEN I HAD
MY MOUTH ALL SET FER
A MESS O' POSSUM PIE!





THEY'RE BACK!
SHOO! GIT AWAY!
HALP! HALP!



BY GOLLIES!
OL CROW'S
A-FETCHIN' A
WHOLE RAGSEL
OF HIS KINFOLKS!



CAW-
HAW-
HAW!

ATTABO! OL CROW!
THEY'S TIMES WHEN
LOTS'A KINFOLKS
COME'S BY HANDY!



I BETTER GIT BUSY AN
FINISH OFF THIS TREE
FORE THEM MAHEATIN'
BUZZARDS GIT'S BACK!



HA! SOUNDS
LIKE THET TREE
A-FALLIN'! RECKON
I'VE GOT BACK IN
TIME!

BANG!
CRASH!



HEY DOWN THAR-
THET TREE GONE
YET?

YEAH
IT'S GONE!



FINE! HANG ON NOW! I'M A-PULLIN' YO UP!



GOSH, THANKS, SON! NOW YOUNG BUNG-SNORT'S BOUND T LET ME KEEP MY JOB!

BUT THEY'S SOMETHIN—



TAINT ONLY TH FIVE DOLLARS A-YEAR SALARY T'D BE A-LOSIN' BUT THINK O MY PORE FAHLY GITTIN' KICKED OUTT! TH FINE OL BUNG-SNORT MANSION!



CWON, MISTER! I'LL HELP YO PACK!

HUNT? WHAT FEE? I HUNT A-GOIN' NOWHAR!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THEM TREE ROOTS WAS PURTY DEEP IN TH ROCK AN' WHEN I BEGUN CHOPPIN' SHE STARTED A-SNAPPIN' AN CRACKIN'—



AN GRANTAPPY'S NOSE JES' DROPPED RIGHT OFF!

LOOKS LIKE TH OL MAN'S IN A TUGH SPOT! BUT REESE, THER'S A WAY OUT! NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS WILL TELL TH' STORY! DON'T MISS IT! RS.—NEXT MONTH JOE WILL ANNOUNCE TH' WINNER OF HIS CONTEST T' FIND A PRIZE FOR HIS TALKIN' CROW!

Archie



"OH BETTY!
JUST LOOK AT THAT
DORRIBLE HAIR &
MAN! WHAT SHOULD
WHAT A CHEST! WHAT
A MAN!"

HOW YOU'RE
TALKING WITH WORDS
VERBONICAL! WITH
HAIR IN THE END,
THE RIGHT SHOULDER
LAST LONG!!
OH, BOY!



ARCHIE *the* PUG



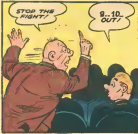




ALL TO
BEHOLD
COMPLETELY
FORGETTING
ABOUT HIS
ANTHONY
STRENGTH
PREDICTION
HURRIED
DOWN TO THE
GYM TO
SETTLE THE
DEBATE
WITH
BEARD!
AND
CONFIDENTIALLY
SAID
THE EARLIEST
PLACE TO BE
WHEN THEY
START
FIGHTING
WAS IF
BETWEEN
THEM...







THE BLACK HOOD

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE W.O.R.
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TUT, TUT!

TUT!

Adventurer

BRAVO!
HURRAY!
FOR
MARCO LOCO!!

WE NEVER WOULD
HAVE BEEN FREED
FROM OUR CHAINS
IF THESE BRAVE
GENTLEMEN HADN'T
LIKED THE
PIRATES!

I SAY
PASS 'EM
CAPTAIN...

AND
BEST
WATERS!



PRODDY!
BATE! I
CAPTAIN THEM
SHOULD BE SHIPPER
NOT THAT BLISSER
BILLY! PRODDY
I SAY!



NO CEREHONY IS COMPLETE
WITHOUT PRODDY! SO LET'S GO
DOWN WHERE THEY'VE IT OUT
AND BOY, DO THEY...

WE WANT
OUR BATS,
WE WANT
OUR BATS!

BRUCE/
GABSON/
BATES/
PODDY!

SAVE
HERE!



TUT, TUT! HAVE
PATIENCE, BOYS!
HERE'S A SNOODA
SPECIAL! PANCAKES!









TRIPLE-CROSS

By CHET MANNING

ORVILLE WHITTEN leaped the fire and of the black suit he around the knot another time as he watched himself in the mirror of the cheap bureau. What he needed right then was one more drink. Just one more. He had to watch his step not only tonight but for the next few days. Those detectives would be nosing around if they suspected anything and he had to have his wife about him.

He went over to the shelf and took down a bottle of cheap gin.

"Here's to Courvoisier, dear," he toasted himself naming his favorite brandy in a short while, it would be no more of this damned gin, often pleaded for on credit at the local package store.

He slouched at a cheap spot on the cheap seat that clothed his slim body, then tossed off the drink. He slapped the glass down on his typewriter table, glared. Bonds the battered portable was that great rejection slip from an editor.

"I regret that we will be unable to use your manuscript for our publications but thank you for the . . . Orville Whitten dumbed his nose at it haughtily. He would be all finished with don, too, thank God. Of course, some day he might sit down at his letter and turn out the kind of a book of which he was really capable. But he wouldn't have to keep putting out those damned pot boilers to eat and go around taking the boots of those sneering editors.

He walked over for a fresh cigarette, pulling the thick black curtain across the little all that served him as a dark room. Yes, and when things were different, he would have a real photographic lab set up in his new apartment. He slid into his cheap trench-style raincoat, buckled it, surveyed himself in the mirror again. Yeah, and he'd have one of those real smart three-hundred-and-fifty-back camouflage sports coats, too.

Oh, he had it all planned out. When a man knows, simply knows, a thing is going to happen,

he makes plans. He went to a hardware store, drew out one of those inexpensive metal strong-boxes you buy at drugstores, unlocked it, and drew a gun from the web of cloth inside. It was a Police Positive.

"Oh, it's murder, he says," he muttered a snatch from the song-but as he went out.

It was cold and it was drifting slightly with the river traffic backing away out in the haze. But Orville Whitten ignored the weather. He was too exhilarated. "Murder's a topper," he muttered.

He caught a bus and moved halfway down the aisle and gave the hot eyes to a dyed blonde. Then he remembered that very shortly he wouldn't waste time looking at something like her. Not with what he would have in his pocket. As matters, he paced around the terminal until the suburban coach swung in, unable to stand still. He felt like a chap at a dance waiting for the music to start.

And this time he was calling the tune. He wasn't going out to old Uncle Edson's to kowtow around and laugh at the old goat's stupid stories and then obsequiously lead up to a small remark. He was going out there to kill him. Orville felt the form of the gun in his coat pocket beneath his raincoat. The gun belonged to his uncle.

So, he had the gun, a gun that could only be traced to the dead man, when he was dead. Then there was the day, Wednesday. That was the day the old woman who kept Uncle Edson's house took the night off and went home to stay with relatives. So there would be no witnesses to even know he had been there.

Then there was the letter. He had it in his inside pocket now. The letter, the betingly sarcastic letter Uncle Edson had written him in reply to his note that he was so desperate that if he didn't get money he was about ready to take his own life. Uncle Edson had unusually called his attention

to the fact that the New York State legal code no longer considered it a crime for a man to take his own life. A man's life belongs to him, Uncle Edson had written. There was one line that was a beauty, for his plans at least, Orville remembered. "What I say is," Uncle Edson had written, "that when a man gets tired of the struggle on this earthly sphere at any time, it is his privilege to discontinue his tenure thereon when he wishes." That was a beauty. When the police saw that on top of the picture of the old boy slumped over his desk with a bullet in his head and one of his own guns lying beside him.

And he had applied the cliché himself with his phone call to Uncle Edson that afternoon.

"I know how I can make some money—a good chunk, if I can show I'm good here," he had told his uncle over the wire.

"And who the devil says you can?" Edson had come back.

Orville hadn't been too worried. He was the only relative old Edson had left, anyway. "I don't know. But if I am, if I can show proof and you'll back me up, I can get hold of enough to pay you back what I owe you," he had applied the cliché.

"Oh," Uncle Edson had appeared to think for some little time. Then he had said, "All right. Suppose you drop out to see me this evening—after dinner."

Which fixed it up to the crossing of the last "I." Uncle Edson would take the will out of his will safe, prove to him he was named as sole heir, return the will very carefully and then—pow! Uncle Edson would just be a police case speckled at his own desk. A case that would go down in the records as "suicide."

Edson Whitten patterned out again into the serving pantry in his broadcote dressing gown. The stage was very nicely set, he decided.

He did aside a Vermont bon-

He a moment and smiled benignly at the libelous denouncer behind it. In that outglass denouncer was a nice dose of potassium cyanide. He had picked it up that three some weeks ago when he had paid an unexpected call on his nephew, Orville. Dear Orville had passed out cold when he was ready to leave, so he had borrowed a fair amount of the cyanide from his photographic supplies without his knowledge.

After all, this little idea of homicide had been fitting around on the back of Edson's head for some months. Ever since he fully realized the twin facts that dear Orville never would be able to pay back the hundreds he had lent him over the years and that the bank would foreclose the mortgage on his home when it came due. He couldn't pay it, of course.

These little secret ones of his ate up money, more money than Edson had realized. Bookkeepers always demand payment in full on the last hour before you could lay another bet. And even those girls in the second-rate nightclubs could wig down a lot of high-balls and get ideas about what would make a nice gift from Daddy. No, few people, much less Orville, were aware of it. But Edson Whitten was fat broke.

He wouldn't be for long though. He hurried to the tune on the radio in the front room. The number was "Black Magic." Edson repeated the words of the refrain after the singing star. "Down and down, I go . . . Round and Round, I go . . ."

Edson felt so good he made himself up a quick one, fingers crossing the stopper of the cyanide canafe once or twice. It was all so simple. There was a little matter of that insurance policy he had taken out on Orville's life a few years ago. By mutual agreement, of course, with him as the beneficiary. So everything was all right. It was for a nice easy ten thousand. The idea, when they agreed on it, was for the policy to protect Uncle Edson against any loss in view of dear Orville's derision.

That policy was the setup. The ruff was a mere matter of details that had almost wrecked themselves

out. Orville calling up for an appointment on his housekeeper's right off. The cyanide he had borrowed from dear Orville. Then that desperate money-begging letter from Orville just a short while ago. One line in it was a beauty. "Unless I can procure some financial aid at once—and you are my only hope—I am afraid there is no sense in my keeping up this vain existence. I am ready to take my own life. . . ."

There. That was the clincher. Now, all he had to do was shoot dear Orville his little Cyanide Blossom Special, put the body in the car out back, drive him home, and tote him up the stairs.

The doorbell rang. It was Orville. "Five minutes late, too," Uncle Edson twitched as he passed through the living room.

Things went over very smoothly. Orville said the place looked black as sin, as if there were nobody home, coming down the road. Which was just the impression Uncle Edson wanted the neighbors to get.

"Well, I have these heavy shades and draperies pulled, Orville. You never can tell when one of those blasted blackouts will come. And—of course, there's always the danger of raiders swooping in with no blackout warning. So—your Uncle Edson is prepared."

"You're right, at that," Orville agreed. "And I am, uncle." He added under his breath, keeping a hand in that side pocket where he had the gun to hide the bump of it.

Uncle Edson was even pleasant about bringing out the will. He showed dear Orville where he was named sole heir. "That's that. Now, how about a little drink."

Uncle Edson sat down and his hand shook a little as he reached for his cocktail glass. A good stiff jolt would make it easier for him to go through with the job. Then his eyes strayed to the clock dial and reflected in it he saw what was coming. Orville was sliding over behind him with a gun.

Uncle Edson's glass slipped from his fingers and spilled its contents across the blotter. Then the gun muzzle was at the side of his head.

"All right," Orville had a shaky

laugh in the back of his throat. "Get yourself a drink before you leave this world, uncle."

Edson sat right. "No—no thanks," he said. He knew any pleading would have been wasted. Now because he realized his nephew was just as cold-bloodedly intent on murder as he had been.

Something snapped in Orville. Perhaps it was the result of the years of beat-licking and dignifiedly refusing to die uncle. Now, this last time he was going to have his way. "Take my drink, uncle!" he said, throat dry. "Take it, I tell you! Take it!"

"No—no," Edson gargled, knowing what was in that drink. Edson Whitten's chalk-hand hand moved out. But Orville beat him to it. He grabbed up the still filled cocktail glass, put it to his uncle's mouth, and barked, "Drink, you old fool!"

Edson Whitten drank it in a gulp. Maybe it was better than being shot. And even as the poison grabbed at his vitals like writhing hot serpents, the phone jangled. He had forgotten to plug up the bell with tissue as he had planned, his alarm in the morning if anybody had tried to reach him.

He grabbed the phone. Then the crisp voice of an operator was coming over the wire. "Excuse it, please. A mistake—"

"Mistake!" shrieked Edson in to the mouthpiece as his vitals were wracked by the poison. He fought for breath. "My nephew—murdered me—cyanide poison— from his photo laboratory . . . murder . . . police. . . . And then he was down out of the chair on the floor as the stunned Orville grabbed for the instrument.

The operator's voice was yelling stridently from the other end. Orville knew it was too late as he saw his dying uncle cease his preoccupies at his feet.

"It's murder, he says," he muttered thimbered. His uncle had been out to murder him. But now he himself was caught, in the very trap set for him. The police would never believe—

Orville Whitten placed the muzzle of the Police Positive against his own temple and pulled the trigger. . . .

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE
**BOY
SOLDIERS**

**HEROES
NEVER
DIE**

THIS IS SCENE
WHICH WOULD GIVE TEN
YEARS OF HIS LIFE
TO SEE IT
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
AND THE
BOY SOLDIERS
LINED UP BEFORE A
NAZI FILING SQUAD!
BUT EVEN WHEN THIS
TO HAPPEN, IT
WOULD NOT DO THE
FUTURE
ANY GOOD!
FOR THE TALE WILL
PECK TO YOU THAT
**HEROES
NEVER DIE!**



NIGHTFALL AND A GROUP OF
POWERS. BUT THEY
SHADOWS ALONG THE
BEACH SOMEWHERE ON
THE FRENCH COAST...



NOT I ONE
THE SIGNAL!
VOILA! AND
FOUR THAT OUR
ENDORSE
IS LEFT!



THESE IT IS
LADIES! ONE
SIGNAL! LOOK
UP! EVERY
THING'S GONE
TO BE ALL
RIGHT!

PIERRE
WHAT IF THEY
DO NOT COME
WITH THE
GUN AND
AMMUNITION!

SAVES
BUT THEN
WE OF THE
UNDERGROUND
WILL CONTINUE
TO FIGHT WITH OUR
BARE HANDS IF
NEEDED!



LOOK-
UP A BEAM
OF LIGHT STAGE
THE GARDENERS
BEING THE MEN!



DON'T
MOVE
SCHWEN!



BOY! ONE LITTLE
TRAP HAS CAUGHT
PIERRE! BULLE
LEADS OF ONE
FRENCH UNDER-
GROUND! VERY
NICE!

TURN AROUND
BECAUSE I WANT
TO KNOW!



WHY DO
YOU NOT
SHOOT ME
YET?

WELL
SHALL!

YOU ARE MUCH MORE
VALUABLE TO ME
DEAD THAN ALIVE!
YOU UNDERSTAND?

ABRUPTLY
A MAN OF DEATH
TIPS OUT OF THE DROVE
AMONG THE TREES!



NOW DON
CARE THE
KNOWING
SH DOWN
LIKE CLAY
PIGONES!

THAT'S A FEW
LESS MADE SHALL
SHOOT PEOPLE IN
THE BACK
PLAYERS!





WELL, ANYWAY, WE
GOT THESE ARMS
THROUGH SAFELY!
LET'S UNLOAD!



A NAZI
PLANE! DUCK
BEHIND THOSE
ROCKS! THEY'RE
STEERING US!



ROAR

WHAT'S THAT?



WHERE
COMMAND?
LOOK! THEY
HAVE SEEN
THE BOAT!



FILTHY BOGHER!
HOW TO LIKE TO
GET MY HANDS
ON YOU!
FO....

PISSE!
HAVE YOU
GONE CRAZY?
COME BACK!



DOWN PISSE!
DOWN!
THEY'RE
COMING FOR
US!!





BYE-BYE DID YOU COME ABOUT AND ARE YOU

I AM SOMEONE WHO THOUGHT AS YOU DO NOW! THAT I DIED BEFORE MY NOEL WAS DONE!

THEY HANGED ME THOSE NAZIS DID! HANGED ME IN A TOWN YOU MAY REMEMBER...
LIDICE!

I WAS A SIMPLE PEASANT WHO HAD THE HONOR OF BEING THE UNDERGROUND LEADER OF OUR TOWN! THEY CAUGHT ME AND HANGED ME! AND THOUGHT THEY WERE DONE WITH ME!

HELL! THAT SHOULD IMPROVE THE SQUAD, EN, HANG! THEY WON'T DARE LET A PRISONER AGAINST US NOW!

JA, HERE SCHWARTZ, THEY'LL CO-OPERATE, IN RUDE!

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YOU SWINE! CEASE RESISTANCE OR WE RATE WILL BE YOURS!

YOU SEE CAPTAIN, THERE WERE OTHERS WHO CARED! ON-ON AN RESISTANCE MY NAME! FOR EVERY ONE OF US WHO DIES A THOUSAND SPRING UP TO TAKE OUR PLACE!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER SHOT APPEARS----

THAT'S RIGHT CAPTAIN
COMMANDO! I CAN
VOUCH FOR THAT!



TELL US YOU
DUTY LOUT!



NEVER--
OWN--

HE SCREAMS---
STOPPED! HE--HE'S
DEAD--OOWEE!



HA--
HA--HA!

THERE IS NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT, HERE
LEUTENANT! IN THE
DARKNESS THEY'LL
NEVER SEE OUR
CONCEALED
AMMUNITION
DUMP!



MY HUSBAND!
THEY'RE TRYING
TO KILL ME TO
PROVE!



GET AWAY!
YOU CAN'T
GO IN!



MY STORY IS NOT
UNLIKE THE CIRCUS
SHOWMAN! I WAS A
CIRUS PERFORMER! I
TOO RESISTED THE
FASCIST BEAST! I
TOO WAS CAUGHT,
BUT I WAS NOT SO
FORTUNATE! THEY
GAVE ME NO QUICK
DEATH! FOR ME IT
WAS THE TORTURE
RACK!

YES I HAVE DIED, BUT IN BODY ONLY FOR THAT NIGHT!
A SQUADRON OF RAF
BOMBERS! HEADED
TOWARD THE NIGHT!



SOFT IS
MINE! THE
PERFECT FLYING
ALL ABOUT
US ARE
ON FIRE!



IT'S
LIGHTING UP
OUR STORMHOUSE
AS IF IT WERE
DAYLIGHT!



YEE, MY OWN PEOPLE HAD BET FLEE TO THESE FELDS TO BECOME AS A BRANCH FOR THE GROWERS! SO YOU SEE -- I DID NOT REALLY DIE! NOR WILL I EVER BE WHILE THERE IS A THREAT ON OUR SOIL!

COME, WE'VE COMMANDED IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO!

I'M TRYING TO FLEE -- BUT SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME BACK!

A VOICE REACHING THEIR EARS! A VOICE! I CAN'T RESIST!

OH COMING! I'M COMING!

CAP CAP

CAP CAP

CAP! CAP! LOOK! HIS EYES ARE OPENING! CAP'S ALIVE! ALIVE!

IT'S A MIRACLE!

HELLO, BLUE -- WHEN ARE YOU COMING?

GUL! YOU'RE ALIVE CAPTAIN! ALL THAT COUNTS EVERYBODY BUT -- BUT WE GAVE YOU UP FOR DEAD!

NO PROBLEM! YOU'RE WRONG! PLEASE GULLE AND A HEAD -- AND HERE'S MY HERO CAP!

TOO BAD THEY COULDN'T SAVE THAT GULLE CHAP, CAP! HE DIED!

YEAH! BLUE WOULDN'T LEAVE YEE BEH -- BOB CAP!

OH -- AFTER HE BUILD THE CAPT AND BEING YOU AND A BLUE GULLE BACK, REALLY KEEP CALLING YOU NAME OVER AND OVER AS THOUGH HE WEREN TO CALL YOU BACK FROM THE BEARS!



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